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## Original Communications.

### PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE march of engraving on wood now gives beauty to works that were rarely embellished before, and whatever may happen, the artist is called in to perpetuate the shape in which it presents itself to the eye. This is something like the practice which prevailed in or before the infancy of letters. Among the Mexicans, when Cortes first appeared with his ferocious companions, some of the subjects of Montezuma endeavoured, by means of the pictorial art, to convey to their sovereign an idea of the strange intruders who had

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entered his dominions, and of the awful means of annoyance which they possessed. Having recourse to such means in our time, literature is so combined with painting, or pencilling, that more numerous and more accurate representations of the scenes witnessed in our day can be conveyed to those who are distant, or who may live at a future period, than ever could be furnished to the world before. A building or a monster, a trial or a religious ceremony, a festival or an execution, is now so recorded and delineated, that posterity may not only read of them, but almost see them.

And in the region of fancy how vast are

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the efforts made to strengthen pleasing images of the mind, by giving them a form to the eye! In this our neighbours the French have been singularly happy. Of this fact we offer a striking specimen in the animated engraving which opens this number of the 'Mirror.' It appeared in a Paris edition of 'La Fontaine,' since republished in English. A brief review of it formerly appeared, but we purpose on the re-issue of the work, in numbers at a price that will place it within the reach of every one, to take further notice of it. At present we only avail ourselves of it to copy some of its embellishments.

In the cut which appears above, a rich specimen of French humour will be found. The coaxing grin of the ape in human attire, dressed as a showman, and announcing the wonders which are to be seen in his booth, is a picture that cannot but amuse; and rarely has the art of engraving been more successfully exercised.

A second specimen was intended for this week, but we have unfortunately left no room. At no distant day the subject will be again taken up, when we shall, as above intimated, treat on the value and importance of fables generally, and of the publication to which we refer in particular. Here we may remark, *en passant*, that though a very noble volume has been produced, it might be advantageously enlarged by adding to the wisdom of by-gone ages some of the best efforts of contemporary intellect, given in that most pleasing form. We subjoin, for the gratification of the readers of the 'Mirror,' a very elegant fable from the 'Druids' Quarterly,' which, if the regulations of the proprietor would admit, might not be found unworthy to follow in the train of *Æsop*. The idea is very original:—

#### THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a pebble, and yield to none,  
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;  
"Nor change nor season can alter me,  
I am abiding while ages flee;  
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain,  
Have tried to soften me long in vain;  
And the tender dew has sought to melt,  
Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.

"None can tell of the pebble's birth,  
For I am as old as the solid earth;  
The children of men arise and pass  
Out of the world, like blades of grass;  
And many a foot on me has trod,  
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.  
I am a pebble, but who art thou?  
Rattling along from the reckless bough."  
The acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,  
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;  
She never before had been so near  
This gravely ball, the mundane sphere,  
And felt for a while perplex'd to know,  
How to answer a thing so low.  
But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,

At length she said in a gentle tone,  
"Since it has happened that I am thrown  
From the lighter elements where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august,  
Abased I will cover my head with dust,  
And quickly retire from the sight of one,  
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,  
Has ever subdued, or made to feel:—  
And soon in the earth she sunk away,  
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long e're the soil was broke  
By the piercing leaves of an infant Oak;  
And as it rose, and its branches spread,  
The pebble looked up, and wondering said,  
"A modest acorn never to tell  
What was enclosed in her simple shell;  
The pride of the forest was then shut up  
Within the space of her little cup;  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth.  
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.  
And oh! how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire that beautiful tree,  
Whose head is tow'ring towards the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I.  
Useless and vain, a lumberer here,  
I have been idling from year to year:  
But never from this shall a vaunting word  
From the humble pebble again be heard,  
Till something without me, or within,  
Can show the purpose for which I have been."

The pebble cannot its vow forget,  
And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

#### "BILLY AND JENNY," OR SOUVENIRS OF THE CELEBRATED HOGARTH AND HIS LADY.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MIRROR.'

SIR,—Your readers will be surprised to learn that there is now living at Brompton an aged female who was the favourite servant of Mrs Hogarth during the long period of fifteen years. Wishing to hear from one who had had so many opportunities of learning what had been the habits of this great artist, I availed myself of an opportunity which offered for visiting the old lady on Wednesday last. She still retains her memory, though now between eighty and ninety years of age. I expected her conversation would prove interesting, but found it more so than I could have hoped. The substance of what passed will gratify many lovers of the Fine Arts. Some of the facts she stated were so remarkable, that I thought they could not have escaped his biographers. I have since sought for them in several lives of Hogarth, but in vain, though all of them are perfectly consistent with what they have related. 'The Gentleman's Magazine' and 'The Annual Register' I have also referred to with the like result, and I therefore calculate that what I have to mention will be equally curious and original.

"Billy" and "Jenny," Mrs Chapel (that is the name of my informant) said, were the playfully-familiar appellatives which Mr and Mrs Hogarth ordinarily used. They lived in great harmony, and Mrs Hogarth is described to have been a very fine woman. His memory was affectionately honoured by her when he was no more. They had no children, but that does not appear to have disturbed them. Sometimes they felicitated themselves on being spared the cares inseparable from the bringing up of a family.

Hogarth had a country house at Chiswick, which was called "the Cheese House," from its shape being said to be very like that of a quarter of a cheese. He was much respected in the neighbourhood, from the kindness of his heart, and the unassuming good nature which marked his conduct in regard to his humbler neighbours.

One day, passing the house of a Mr Webb, who supplied him with fish, but who also sold various other articles, his attention was attracted by a tobacco-box exposed for sale, which bore the inscription, "Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea." Hogarth went into the shop to purchase it. The price was only a shilling, but he had no coin about him. He, however, took the box, and told Mr Webb to put it down in the next fish bill he sent in. The fishmonger had a turn for humour, and when, in compliance with the direction he had received, he sent in his next account, the following charge appeared:—

"To a clean shirt and a guinea... 1s."

This bill came into Mrs Hogarth's hands. It surprised her not a little to find such an item in it. "There must be some mistake," said she. "I am sure Mr Hogarth never can have had a shirt or a guinea from Mr Webb." She wished to ask her lord for an explanation, but this was a matter not immediately to be ventured upon, for when he was engaged with his pencil any interruption gave him great annoyance. Curiosity, however, led her to pass partly up the stairs leading to his room, while she called to him, "Billy, Billy." "What is the matter, Jenny?" he inquired. "I may come in, then, may I?" she answered; and then proceeded to describe and to exhibit what had caused her so much amazement. "Webb," said he, "is a satirical wag, but he has only done what I directed;" and related the circumstances which had caused such a novelty to appear in his fishmonger's bill.

He had sometimes remarked a poor man who had lost one hand, and who had got its place imperfectly supplied with a hook. On one occasion, when this person was engaged in loading a cart, Hogarth took an opportunity of accosting the labourer, and

told him that "it was very foolish for one to work, who had such a good excuse for begging." "I will never beg," the man sturdily replied, "while I am able to work." "Such a resolution does you credit," said Hogarth, and, slipping half-a-crown into his hand, he told him while he had a house that he might always claim a glass of beer when he wanted it. Like kindness was extended to many a poor deserving labourer, who was encouraged to call at "the Cheese House" for occasional aid or refreshment.

Hogarth manifested much provident care for the engravers in his employment. They worked at the bottom of the garden, and for recreation in their hours of leisure, he had a skittle ground prepared for them, that they might enjoy a healthful exercise without being tempted to drink by going to a public house.

Here was a cemetery for birds and beasts, which died in the family. Tablets were put up to the memory of some of them. One was inscribed, "Alas, poor Dick!" and a favourite dog was honoured with a somewhat longer and descriptive record—"Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies."

His great canine favourite, however, Trump, did not rest here. This faithful animal was remarkable for his intelligence. Hogarth was accustomed to smoke a pipe at different public houses in the neighbourhood, when he spent his evenings at Chiswick. A love of social conversation with his neighbours prompted this perhaps, but the necessity for studying nature was the pretext. He was in the habit of returning home about nine o'clock, and at that hour Trump, unbidden, would take upon himself to seek his master. From house to house the dog would take his way, till he found the object of his search. He was as well known in that vicinity as his master himself could be. Hogarth desired that no one should hurt him, wherever he intruded in quest of him; and when Trump made his appearance, "Your servant is come for you, sir," was the cry. "Yes, he knows my time," was commonly Hogarth's reply, and the animal with a sort of expostulating whine, would intimate that it was time to go home, and they departed together.

Trump died of old age. He was then carefully stuffed, and long remained to the eye almost as perfect as when he lived, the ornament of the chimney piece in the hall of his master's residence, "The Cheese House."

These were amongst the lighter matters that occurred to Mrs Chapel, but facts of more interest and importance were afterwards mentioned, which I must reserve till next week. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. T. T.

# LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—(No. II.)

## DEATH OF THE COMPOSER WEBER.

It was early in the year 1826 that Carl Maria Von Weber resolved to come via Paris to England. His name stood very high in the musical world, and the homage which he received as he passed through France was such that he wrote to his wife, "If I do not die of pride now, I am insured against that fate for ever."

He reached England early in March, and seems to have viewed it, in the first instance, with something like "a lover's eye." "We dashed on," he says, "with the rapidity of lightning through this *inexpressibly beautiful country*; meadows of the loveliest green—gardens blooming with flowers." This was rather warm for the first week in March.

But years of toil and study had destroyed his constitution, and when the first moments of excitement were passed, he could no longer regard England with the same feelings. Though honoured and courted by all the land, his spirit declined, and he sighed for his home. The fatigue of getting up 'Oberon' was too much for him, and the suggestions of the performers, however well meant, were overpowering. In a letter, dated March 26th, he thus speaks of the great English singer:—

"Braham begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece, and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. \* \* So the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

'Oberon' was brought out at Covent-garden Theatre with great applause. This cheered him, and seemed to improve his health. The terms in which he made his triumph known to his wife are such as must affect every one.

"12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline!—Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra the whole of the house,

which was filled to overflowing, rose up and I was saluted by hurraas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encores the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. \* \* So much for this night, dear life, from your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace till he had communicated to you this new blessing from heaven. Good night."

Though his success was great, he was not perfectly satisfied with his profits. He seems to have repined that others gained more by the composer's genius than the composer himself. On one occasion, being invited to dine with an eminent music seller, when ushered into a magnificent drawing room, he, looking round him, said softly, as if to himself, "I see it is better to sell music than to write it." He was not consoled by fame for the absence of wealth like that of which he was thus spectator. This feeling was not removed by the indifferent success of a concert which he was induced to give. He wished to be at home again. This, and the regretted absence of his wife, perhaps caused the following words to be selected from 'Lalla Rookh' for composition. They were sung by Miss Stephens, and accompanied by Von Weber. The melody only was written—the accompaniments had not been committed to paper, though formed in his mind, and supplied from memory as the syren proceeded, not from notes:

"From Chindara's warbling fount I come,  
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;  
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,  
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
And voices are singing the whole day long,  
And every sigh the heart breathes out  
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!

Hither I come

From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
Of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly:  
And the passionate strain that, deeply glowing,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind over the waters blowing,  
Ruffles the waves, but sweetens it too!

So, hither I come

From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
Of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

The glow of exultation, which had given him renewed animation and benefited his health and spirits, wore off, and he rapidly declined. In England he could no

onger delight. He who found it a country "inexpressibly beautiful" in the first days of March, thus writes on the 17th of April:—

"17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz and the clear air is indescribable. But patience—patience—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it." \* \*

On the 30th of May he wrote the letter which follows to his daughter. The "wretched climate" of England he seems to have deemed his most cruel enemy.

"Dearest Lina,—Excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already, too, impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms.

"If God will, we shall leave this on 12th June, if heaven will only vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

'Der Freyschutz' was to be performed for his benefit on the 6th of June, and he intended to be present, but the exile could now only sigh for home. On the 2nd of that month he wrote his last letter to his wife. In this he says—

"As this letter will need no answer it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O were I only among you. I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On the following day he felt so ill that the idea of attending the representation of 'Der Freyschutz' was abandoned. He was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at 11 o'clock in good spirits, and at 7 next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

#### RELICS OF LONDON.—(No. XIII.) OLD HOUSES.

MUCH which the ravages of Time had spared the great fire of 1666 swept away; and as it raged within the very heart and centre of the city, it destroyed principally those grand and important edifices which were considered befitting the most prominent localities, leaving only the comparatively mean and insignificant buildings adjoining to, or without the walls. It is, therefore, round the circumference of the area which the London of the seventeenth century occupied, that we must direct our search for specimens of ancient civic architecture. In Aldgate, Bishopsgate street, Cripplegate, Clerkenwell, Fleet street, and along the line of the Thames, we may occasionally meet with houses whose stuccoed fronts and overhanging floors point out the boundary to which the fire extended, and at which it stopped. No such houses are to be found in Gracechurch street or Cornhill; the great destruction of 1666 made those places a level waste, and the houses which have since sprung up are of the style of later periods, when the builders no longer thought of saving room at the expense of health, and permitted passengers to obtain an occasional glimpse of the sky above them, instead of intercepting their view with the unsightly floor of some projecting bedroom. If one quarter be more rich in relics of old London than another, it is the northern portion of the metropolis.

Bishopsgate street appears to have once been famous for its stately mansions; Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham, the Earl of Oxford and Sir John Powlett, resided in this street; and among the "divers fair and large-built houses for merchants and such like," was the mansion of Sir Paul Pindar. The residence of this worthy and Crosby Hall are all that now remain; of the last I have already spoken; the present is a favourable opportunity for noticing the former.

On the western side of Bishopsgate street Without is a tall, narrow house, stuccoed, and ornamented with scroll-work, shields, clusters of fruit, and figures, the front projecting in the shape of a bow, and the



upper floors extending some inches beyond the lower. This was the proud mansion of Sir Paul Pindar, who was ruined by his fidelity and attachment to Charles I; it is, at present, a public-house known by the sign of 'The Flying Horse.' How great the change which the revolution of two centuries has wrought! Wealth and splendour no longer occupy those walls; they still, perhaps, echo noisy revelry; still rises within them the merry laugh; still flows the sparkling ale; but the revellers are the inhabitants of the neighbouring courts and allies, not the jovial friends of the loyal knight. Nothing but the antique front and the inscription over the door, 'The Sir Paul Pindar, remind us that the house has not been always what it is—a liquor-shop. And yet, when palaces have ere now become the wretched habitations of wandering beggars; when walls built for the use of royalty have been defaced till they scarcely afforded shelter to the houseless, why should we deplore the course of events, which has converted the mansion of one century into the tavern of the next? Greater changes have occurred in shorter time; and the same year which saw the wealthy knight reduced to a homeless wanderer, also saw the king for whom he suffered, brought to the scaffold, and his palace sacked by his relentless murderers.

This is no imposing fragment, no ivy-covered ruin, none of those interesting objects which Byron so finely describes as—

"Remnants of things that have passed away,

    Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay."

but simply and solely the portion of an ancient mansion incorporated and converted into a modern house. Unlike the shattered bulwarks of an ancient fortress or the crumbling walls of some olden convent, this relic is interesting from its antiquity *only*; it has no striking events connected with its history to awaken any stronger feeling; wonder or admiration are not elicited by a glance at Pindar's house. When looking at the once proud mansion, now a public-house, we may feel surprised at the change it has undergone; but as the recollection of some fine ruins of baronial halls or monkish cathedrals occurs to us, we cannot but exclaim "Time has done more!"

Pass we now to a quarter of the city in which a continuous line of ancient houses still remains—the Finsbury section of Great Winchester street. Can we not imagine that the period of Elizabeth or Henry is the present, or that those overhanging stories are still tenanted by the people of other times? Shrewd inventions were these now unsightly projections, to shelter the passengers on the footpath below, when umbrellas were yet unthought of; but unwholesome must have been the streets, half covered with low ceilings, and from which the air must have been in a great

measure excluded. Such was Cornhill, such was Cheapside, such is—ay, is—Great Winchester street. From this last complete and uninterrupted line of ancient houses may be formed some idea of the general appearance of the City before the occurrence of that great fire which swept away cathedral, churches, and public buildings, as well as the less pretending dwellings of the citizens; it is, in itself, an illustration of Stowe's "Survey." Reader, dost thou wish to see the City as it was? if so, glance along Winchester street, and as your eyes encounter its plastered houses, with their gabled roofs and projecting floors, you may say, "Such was ancient London!"

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

#### THE KING AND THE MARQUIS; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BROKEN CANE.

(Continued.)

PUGILHEM might boast that he had been completely successful in what he had attempted. He had obtained the most unquestionable proofs of the feelings entertained for him by a pretended friend, and he had struck terror to the heart of the traitress; but, after all, what had he gained? Was his ambition gratified? No. Were his interests likely to be promoted by undisguised hatred more than by pretended regard? No. Was fear likely to render him aid, which in its absence would be withheld? That was doubtful, yet on that hung his only hope. His triumph, like many a one of higher celebrity, was barren, at least for the present; and ordinary foresight would have suggested, that for the future it was likely to be fruitful of evil, rather than of good.

But he had filled the heart of Madame de Montespan with unutterable anguish. Proud and resentful as she was, the influence which she possessed she would unhesitatingly have used to crush a feebler, less outrageous offender; but she feared to move against one who had at his command agency so mysterious as that which she was persuaded Pugilhem could claim. She would not have been unwilling to destroy, but she feared to exasperate. In consequence of this, when she had been conveyed from the Ballet to her chamber, on being questioned by the King respecting the origin of her indisposition, she told what had occurred, but softened rather than aggravated the affront she had received, gravely adding, it was her conviction that the Marquis could only have possessed himself of the information he had gained through means not commonly entrusted to mortals.

"That," said she, "is my impression. There are philtres, it is known, composed of the blood of animals, holy water, and

the bread of five parishes, mingled with a morsel of the host, kept back at the sacrament, with toads, adders, and caterpillars, all pounded in an earthen vessel, bought without cheapening, with sacred words written on slips of paper, torn from an ancient bible, that will cause love or hatred, sickness or death; and there may be some like charm invented by the devil to give the absent, the means of knowing what passes as well as if they were present."

"The fiend," said the king, "with whom the Marquis deals is a devil in petticoats."

It was a maxim with Louis, that where anything was wrong, a woman must be in some way or other concerned, and his suspicion glanced at Louise.

Reflection strengthened the idea which had struck him, that she could explain all, and on the following morning, having remained at Madame's that night, he determined to satisfy himself.

He met the attendant in the passage and politely raised his hat. This act of courtesy he never omitted when the humblest female in any way connected with the palace approached him. Louise made her obeisance, and would have passed on, but the King called to her in a tone more familiar but less gracious than she had been accustomed to—

"Come back, mistress," said he. "Madame is frightened. She has been affronted by Puygilhem. He is said to have dealings with the devil. How that may be I cannot say, but I know him to have had commerce with you. Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"In attendance on my lady. I had the honour of meeting your Majesty on the stairs."

"Well remembered. Whence came you at that moment?"

"So please your Majesty, I had but just left my lady's apartment."

"Was it you that closed the windows?"

"Sire, it was."

"I thought so. And where did you next move after I had the honour of seeing you?"

"Where did I—"

"Repeat not;—answer."

"To my lady's dressing room."

"Who was with you?"

"I was alone, your Majesty."

"No deceit. Where was Puygilhem?"

"Not with me," Louise replied, with a confident air, but yet with an indication of uneasiness which did not escape the King.

"I did not ask you," he pointedly replied, "who was *not* with you, but where the Marquis *was* at that time."

"The Marquis, your Majesty?"

"You pause! You prevaricate! Tell

me all, or tremble for the consequences. You can hardly reveal more than I already know. But be candid and you may be pardoned."

His manner overawed Louise. She feared to attempt concealment. Bursting into tears, she threw herself at his feet, and made a confession, from which Louis learned with astonishment that the Marquis had been a witness to the conversation which had passed between Madame and himself, on the subject of the office which Puygilhem desired to hold.

He was highly incensed at the presumption of Puygilhem, and so was Madame de Montespan, but withal in some degree relieved by the singular revelation.

Meanwhile, firm to his purpose, though not without some misgivings, trusting to the effect of the threats he had breathed, the Marquis on the following day being *à-la-tête* with the King, boldly claimed the performance of his promise. Louis replied, that given as that promise had been under a pledge of secrecy, it was no longer binding. The ire of Puygilhem, on receiving a flat refusal, passed all bounds of moderation. Turning his back on Louis he drew his sword, and stamping on the blade broke it in two, at the same time exclaiming:—

"By heaven! I will no longer serve a prince who can so coolly, so meanly, depart from his word."

"How!" cried Louis, his eyes glistening with rage at hearing this cutting reproach; while grasping his cane with animation, he advanced one step towards the Marquis. Then, suddenly halting, he performed with great dignity what the Duke de Saint Simon pronounces to be the finest action of his life;—he broke his cane, and opening the window threw it out, while he thus addressed the offender:—

"This I do to spare my own feelings. Had I given you the chastisement due to presumption, I could never have forgiven myself for striking, richly as the chastisement has been deserved, a member of your family." He then withdrew.

Little reflection was necessary to make Puygilhem feel that in the tempest of his passion, he had gone much too far. Fain would he have withdrawn the offensive words, but it was too late.

He fully expected the consequences would be serious. In this he was not deceived. On the following day he was arrested and conveyed to the Bastille.

Though the Marquis possessed in a high degree that courage which will risk confronting danger, he wanted the calm determination which can submit with fortitude to the consequences. To be exiled from court, to be denied access to the king, were to him fearful calamities, but to be

confined in a dreary prison, and probably for life, was tremendous, and as his sad eyes rested on the dreary walls of the fortress, his heart seemed to die within him. Recalling the past with bitter regret, he looked forward to the future with unspeakable dismay.

But he soon recovered his presence of mind. The Governor, in consideration of his rank, treated him with respect. He expressed a conviction that he would not be long detained, and was sure the King had fallen into a misconception that would soon be removed.

Puygilhem knew right well that such speeches were set down for the Governor, and that he and those about him were spies on the conduct of all prisoners. Bearing this in mind, he determined on the course which it would be politic to pursue.

"You are kind, Mr Governor," said he, "and your speech is wise. I believe that you are right; and trust me, if I appear desponding it is not that heavy punishment has fallen, or is likely to fall, on me. It springs from maddening self-reproach, that presuming too far on goodness, I should have outraged, in one fatal moment, the best of masters and the greatest of kings."

"The King," returned the Governor, "will pardon."

"But can I, can I," demanded Puygilhem, "ever pardon myself? Never, never. My case, therefore, you must see, is hopeless. For his Majesty, I can only say in the words of the English poet, Dryden—

"That our best notes are treason to his fame,  
Joined with the loud applause of public voice,  
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,  
Hath rendered too authentic by its choice."

"I marvel," remarked the Governor, "feeling as you do, that this sad error should have occurred."

"I am a choleric, erring man. My gracious sovereign may know how to pity weakness which he can never feel; but I have lost my self-esteem for ever, and could I expiate my crime, I should die with extacy, like the Scotchman, Maccaill (who suffered a year ago), and in my last moment joyfully exclaim, as he did, 'Farewell sun, moon, and stars; farewell world and time; farewell frail and weak body; welcome eternity.'"

But he considered that it was not enough to fill the Governor's ears with speeches like these. He took care to pay his court to him personally. On one occasion he knew that Louis had sent a footman to the Duke de Montbazon, Governor of Paris, who, aware of the view which would be taken of such condescension, invited the servant to dine with him. This the King had regarded as a delicate compliment to himself. Having that in mind, Puygilhem told the Governor that regarding him then

as the representative of his august sovereign, he should feel honoured by his company each day to dinner. The prison allowances were liberal to a man of rank, but the Marquis advanced more than enough from his own purse to make their daily fare sumptuous. He thus won the Governor's heart. At the same time he promised to requite his attentions more satisfactorily the moment he found himself at liberty.

The Governor did all in his power to keep up the spirits of his guest, and with apparent success. Puygilhem laughed and played at cards, and seemed at his ease. All the fulsome panegyrics which the time-serving poets of the day had written on Louis, and which the King himself not unfrequently sang, the Marquis had at his tongue's end, and sometimes he almost stunned his gaoler by rehearsing them at the top of his voice.

But sadness pressed down his spirits almost to the annihilation of reason. He mournfully reflected that within those walls more distinguished men than himself had been incarcerated, who had never been seen again. There the cold-blooded Tristan de Hermit was known to have pursued his trade of blood, and said to have quietly dismissed hundreds, nay, thousands, from existence. Even at the moment these thoughts passed through his mind, he might be on the platform of one of the fatal *oubliettes* which had often been named to him in fearful whispers, and in the next, the bolt beneath suddenly withdrawn, he himself sinking into an expectant gulf, might pass by a violent death into eternity. Without referring back to the crimes and cruelties of bygone ages, he had reason to believe that there was then within a few yards of him, a fellow prisoner, the wearer of the iron mask, the reported twin brother of the King, who was destined to breathe the air of liberty no more.

Of Madame de Montespan, he spoke with no disrespect. Her beauty (though her clumsy figure had often been with him an object of ridicule) he most extravagantly praised, and reproaching no one beside, he evermore bitterly blamed himself for all that had occurred.

He hoped thus to pave the way to future favour, and his mind became somewhat reconciled to his present captivity. One evening the Governor spoke more confidently than ever of his expected enlargement. His manner was such that Puygilhem suspected he had received positive information on the subject, and when the question was pressed on him with eagerness by the Marquis, he frankly owned that such was the fact, and went so far as to congratulate him on his coming restoration.

This greatly elated him. He talked



with the Governor more freely than ever. In the course of their conversation he said:

"If it were not indulging an impertinent curiosity, before we part I should like to see one of the *oubliettes* or cells in which the victims of former days were enclosed, which I believe were so constructed that the floor could be suddenly withdrawn, which done, the prisoner vanished for ever. May I look on one of them?"

"You shall have that *pleasure*," the Governor replied, with a smile.

That night the Marquis went to rest full of exulting hope. He could not sleep for joy. A thousand schemes occurred to him which were to be carried into effect, when he should find himself no longer a prisoner. Drowsiness at last stole over him. He was at length sinking into insensibility, when he heard the door of his chamber softly opened, just as the bell of Notre Dame was striking one.

(To be concluded next week.)



*Arms.* Quarterly; first and fourth, or., on a pile gu., between six fleurs de lis, az., three lions of England (being the coat of augmentation granted by King Henry the Eighth, on his marriage with Lady Jane Seymour); second and third, gu., two wings conjoined in lure, the tips downwards, or., for Seymour. *Crest.* Out of a ducal coronet, or., a phoenix of the last issuing from flames, ppr. *Supporters.* Dexter a unicorn, ar., armed, maned and tufted, or., gorged with a ducal collar, per pale, az. and gold, to which is affixed a chain of the last; sinister, a bull, az., ducally gorged, chained, hooved, and armed, or. *Motto.* "Foy pour devoir." Faith for duty.

#### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SOMERSET.

This family is one of great antiquity, and the name, Seymour, appears originally to have been St Maur. "Not far from Caldecot," says Camden, in his 'Britannia,' "are Woundy and Penhow, the seats formerly of the illustrious family of St Maur, now corruptly called Seymour. For we find that about the year 1240 (in order to wrest Woundy out of the hands of the Welsh) Gilbert Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, was obliged to assist William St Maur, knight, who married one of the heiresses of the illustrious John Beauchamp, the noble Baron of Hache, &c."

Sir Richard St Maur became the possessor of Woundy and Penhow; he was succeeded by his son Sir Roger, in the 28th year of King Edward the First. Sir Roger was succeeded by his son of the same name in the 8th year of King Edward the Second. A third Sir Roger succeeded the last-mentioned knight, who married one of the heiresses of Sir John Beauchamp, Baron of Hache, above named. The lady survived her husband, but dying in 1393, was succeeded by her grandson. His great-grandson, Sir John Seymour, was one of the commanders who suppressed the insurrection of Lord Audley and the rebels in 1497, and subsequently employed in the wars of Henry the Eighth, was made a knight banneret by that monarch in 1512.

Sir John was in the train of King Henry in 1530, when he and Francis the First held their memorable meeting in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. When the Emperor Charles the Fifth came to England, after the interview between the Kings of England and France, in order to do away any impression unfavourable to him which might have been made on the mind of Henry by Francis, Sir John Seymour attended at Canterbury with his Royal master to receive the imperial visitor.

Sir Edward Seymour, the eldest son of Sir John, on the 5th of June, 1536, was raised to the peerage, as Viscount Beauchamp. In the thirty-second year of Henry the Eighth, he was sent to France to ascertain the limits of the English borders, and on his return was made a Knight of the Garter. Two years after receiving this honour he was appointed Lord Chamberlain for life, and made one of the Council to the Queen Regent, during the absence of the King on the occasion of his expedition to France in 1544. Henry made him one of his executors, and dying bequeathed to him 300*l*. He was named one of the Council to Edward the Sixth, and also Lord Treasurer of England. Not having previously been a baron, he was, February 15, 1546-7, created Baron Seymour of Hache, and on the next day Duke of Somerset, with remainder of both

honours to his issue by his second wife, and after to the male descendants of his first. On the 27th of February, in the same year, he was named Earl Marshall for life, and on the 12th of March following he was appointed, by patent, Protector and Governor of the King and his realms, with an income of 8,000 marks so long as he should hold that high office.

A career so brilliant was doomed to be interrupted by awful storms, and to close in unmitigated gloom. The cabals of the Duke's brother compelled him to act against him, and he was brought to the block. A like fate awaited the Duke himself. Accused of high treason, he was condemned, and suffered decapitation on Tower hill, January 22, 1552. His fate was much lamented by the populace. Many of the spectators rushed forward, at the moment of his death, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood. These memorials of Somerset were afterwards exhibited in bitterness against his enemy Northumberland, to whom they ascribed his fall, when it became the turn of that nobleman to ascend the fatal scaffold.

Among those who since him have worn the title, we may mention that the Duke of Somerset, who lived from the time of Charles the Second to that of George the Second, was a man who had many noble qualities, but was singularly strict, which gained him the name of the proud Duke of Somerset. He would rarely condescend to speak to his servants. They were accustomed to obey him by signs, and when he travelled, the roads in the country were cleared that he might proceed without obstruction or observation. His first wife was Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of Jocelyn, the virgin widow of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogleby, the relative of Thomas Thynne, Esq., who was shot in his coach by Count Conigsmark, in the hope of obtaining the heiress of the Percies. His second wife was the daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. The Duke made a vast distinction between a Percy and a Finch. On one occasion it is reported the Duchess familiarly touched him on the shoulder with her fan, upon which he indignantly remarked, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children were accustomed to obey his commands with scrupulous care. His daughter used to wait near him standing, while he slept in the afternoon. Lady Charlotte, one of them, on a certain occasion, being weary, sat down. He awoke, very angry, and declared it should be the worse for her. When dying, he left her 20,000*l.* less than he gave her sister!

The present Duke is a most amiable nobleman. For many years he was the president of the Literary Fund.

#### A CAPITALIST.

THE late Mr Arkwright, of Willersley Castle, near Cromford, it is reported, died possessed of not less than seven millions sterling in personal property alone. He had long been regarded as the most ponderous capitalist in England; it follows that he was no less the leviathan capitalist of the whole world. Not one in Europe can approach within half the distance, excepting perhaps the wealthy Mr Solomon Heine, of Hamburg, who, according to general repute, is estimated to represent money to the vast amount of four millions sterling. It must be remembered, however, that this sum is the whole property of Mr Heine, whereas the late Mr Arkwright was possessed of landed estates to the value, perhaps, of one or two millions beyond the amount at which the personality is rated. Wealthy as are the Barings, the Rothschilds, the Hopes, &c., there has not been one that could be placed at all in the comparison; not all the magnificent fortunes of the house of Baring, even perhaps all combined, reach to the amount; not all the splendid capitals of the Rothschilds throughout Europe together. Out of Europe the only capitalist who could approach him, would be Mr Astor, of New York.

The late Mr Richard Arkwright was the only son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the father and founder of the "factory system" as it now exists. He succeeded to all the possessions and numerous spinning factories on the death of Sir Richard in 1792, then worth about half a million sterling. As the profits of cotton spinning for years afterwards were counted by shillings per pound, instead of by farthings, as now, except in the finer counts, it may be safely asserted that by his extensive spinneries in Cromford, Bakewell, and Manchester alone, he could not have derived a less clear income than 100,000*l.* per annum. The extensive works at Manchester he disposed of some time afterwards in favour of his managers, Messrs Barton and Simpson, who both realised large fortunes. He gave up the spinning works at Bakewell five or six years ago to parties who, it is believed, had been long in his service; but those at Cromford, near his own residence, he carried on to the time of his death. Mr Arkwright, besides various other concerns, highly prosperous for the most part, was the principal, if not sole proprietor of some banking establishments in the counties of Derby and Nottingham. From taste, and not from niggardly notions of saving, he lived without the least ostentatious display; the scale of his household expenditure is supposed not to have exceeded 3,000*l.* per annum, of which the larger portion was laid out upon his gardens, on which he prided himself, so that by the natural and equable force of accumulation during fifty-

two years, even had not one pound of surplus income been re-invested and made to bear interest, he must have been possessed of millions.

He was probably the last of the historic names connected and co-eval with the foundation of what are now designated the factory and power systems. The fate of those first fathers of the cotton spinning and manufacturing system who have most contributed to its progress and prosperity by their inventions, improvements, or enterprise, has been very dissimilar and unequal. The late Sir Robert Peel, who may be esteemed the head if not the parent of calico printing, realised and bequeathed a vast fortune to his descendants. The mountain of wealth accumulated by Mr Arkwright has already been referred to. But Hargreaves, the inventor of the "spinning jenny," died in but middling circumstances. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the "mule" frame, which has carried he art of spinning yarn to its greatest perfection, died in poverty, notwithstanding a Parliamentary grant of 5,000*l.* in 1812, which melted away through the misfortunes of his sons in the business which by means of this grant he established. Lastly, the late Mr William Radcliffe, of Stockport (whose death occurred only last year), the inventor of the "dressing machines," and veritable father of the "power-loom" system, for, until the epoch of that invention, the power loom was powerless and impracticable, perished in almost abject poverty, a fact reflecting no small discredit on the opulent manufacturers of Manchester, who, after plundering him of his invention by the unscrupulous appropriation of which they enriched themselves, might surely have let fall a few crumbs from their own overloaded tables to comfort the old age and penury of the man they contributed to sink into pauperism. Nor indeed is such a melancholy fact more creditable to a great nation, or a Government wielding its destinies. The Board of Trade, or the Treasury, did indeed—we record the fact with the deepest feelings of sorrow and shame—at the last moment, through some indirect application, award the beggarly sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. Fast progressing towards his eightieth year, and borne down by age, misfortunes, and infirmity, when the intelligence of this munificent token of national remembrance was broken to him, it proved too much for the suffering old man; it was like mockery upon misery; and poor Mr Radcliffe drew his last breath on the very day, it is said, but if not, within one or two days after; the one hundred and fifty pounds came opportunely and mercifully to provide a coffin and grave-stone for the dead, and save him from the scandal of a parish pauper burial.

—*Ten Towns Messenger.*

#### COSMORAMA, DIORAMIC AND PANORAMIC EXHIBITION, REGENT STREET.

THIS agreeable exhibition comprises eight views,—Athens, Bregentz, Mont Blanc, Isola Bella (upon the Lake Maggiore), Interior of St Peter's at Rome, Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, Interlachen, and Mount St Bernard. It was our good fortune to be present at this exhibition in company with ladies and gentlemen who had visited most of the above places, and the admiration excited by scenes so truthfully depicted appeared no mean compliment to the artists and others concerned in the getting up of this exhibition. It only requires to be better known to insure that success which the talent displayed ought to command.

#### MODEL OF ST PETER'S, PALMALL.

FOURTEEN years, we are informed, have been devoted to the completion of the beautiful work of art here presented. It is constructed by scale, so as to give the exact proportions of the vast original. When the eye has been feasted on its noble walls and heaven-aspiring dome, by a very ingenious contrivance it opens behind, and the visitor is gratified with a view of the interior, of the chair of St Peter, and all the superb ornaments which the taste and liberality of almost countless generations have supplied to render this superb edifice complete.

*The Witch of Matlock.*—Poor Phoebe Bown, who has lately been mentioned in the papers, though she believed herself to be endowed with the powers of a witch, had little "female witchery" about her. Extraordinary powers she certainly had, and on more than one occasion she put them forth to the confusion of some of the ruder sex, not by bewitching, but by belabouring the offender. The visitor of Matlock of from fifteen to forty years since will not fail to remember Phoebe, her singular mode of dress, consisting partly of male and partly of female attire, from its very oddity attracting general attention. Phoebe herself was, however, a far greater piece of singularity than her dress, and when we mention a few only of her daily avocations, this will easily be believed. She was reckoned an expert breaker of horses intended for the use of ladies, and possessed besides a knowledge of agricultural affairs in general, considerable skill in the selection of live stock, and her opinion in the department of cattle breeding was frequently required. Phoebe was enthusiastically attached to music, nor was her knowledge in this branch confined to one instrument alone. She was a pleasing, if not a very

scientific, performer on her favourite instrument the flute, and was almost equally at home on the harpsichord and violoncello, on which instrument she accompanied the choir at Matlock church for several years. From a comfortable little independency the poor dame, in declining years, became chargeable to Matlock parish, and she still occupies a poor cottage at Matlock town. Phoebe is (to use a word recently designated in the House of Lords as "very learned") a decided monomaniac, her mania being, however, of a very harmless description, and consisting chiefly in the belief that she is able to perform miracles by means of witchcraft, these miracles relating chiefly to the discovery of hidden treasure. She had latterly got hold of a new crotchet, namely, that she should die on the 4th of May, and some weeks ago, on a lady and gentleman of our acquaintance calling on her, and attempting to ridicule the prophecy, she produced a suit of grave clothes of a peculiar fashion, which she had recently made in anticipation of the event which she so positively prognosticated. From no announcement of her death having appeared, it is to be supposed that poor Phoebe still lives.

#### GARDENING HINTS.

##### *Kitchen Garden and Orchard.*

**PLANT** out young crops, thin and prick out others, and look diligently after slugs and snails. Every moth and butterfly should be as carefully destroyed as wasps.

**Broccoli, Cauliflower,** and other plants of the cabbage tribe from the early seed beds, may now be planted for autumn use.

**Succession Crops** will now show if your sowings have been judiciously timed. Mark out any probable defects, and, if practicable, rectify them.

**Potatoes.**—The early ones will now be forward enough to have the soil well stirred between them.

**Peas and Beans.**—After you have pinched out the tops of the first crops, give them a good watering, and if with liquid manure all the better; do not yet use hard spring water.

**Orchard.**—Trees on the walls now require attention. Nail many of the strong young shoots of pear trees. If you do not choose to leave them to bear you may reduce them after the end of July. Peach trees, like melon plants, should be carefully thinned. Kill the caterpillars.

##### FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

##### *In-door Department.*

**Greenhouse.**—With the exception of the common routine of watering and syringing, the next thing of importance to greenhouse plants now in active growth, is to form them into handsome specimens—

some by training, others by pruning, or rather stopping. One of the greatest faults committed against young, promising specimens, is to let them flower too early.

**Pits.**—If you have a full supply of autumn-flowering plants to succeed the annuals, you will now make use of these pits for a good old cabbage rose on Christmas day. Take up half a dozen pots from the reserve ground, and plunge them in old tan, sand, or anything else in one of your cold pits, and treat them like heaths till next August, when you may turn them out under a north wall; prune in September, and introduce to a forcing-pit on the 1st of October.

##### *Out-door Department.*

**Planting the Beds.**—The grand points are, after all, to have suitable soils in the beds; to have a succession of plants for replacing deaths, or those going out of flower; and never to have gaps in the beds till the end of the season.

**Vegetable Marrow.**—Gardeners are apt to withhold their vegetable marrow till it is not worth bringing to table. It should never exceed three inches in length. Under that size they may be boiled whole; but if as large, they must be divided once, and all the seeds be removed. Throw a little salt into the water to keep them green, and boil them in the same manner as asparagus, serving them upon a toast with melted butter.

#### POPE INNOCENT'S LETTER TO PHILLIP AUGUSTUS.

BEFORE Pope Innocent issued his interdict against Phillip Augustus, he thought it proper to address an admonitory epistle to the offending King. He accordingly wrote as follows:—

"Thou knowest the power of the Pontiffs; thou knowest that it governs kings and crowns. Nothing can withdraw thy actions from the bosom of that church, which God has placed on earth as a tower to defend the good and overawe the wicked. Separate thyself, then, from the woman to whom thou hast united thyself; she is not thy wife but thy concubine. Thou hast been already commanded to do so by my predecessor, but thou hast not attended to his words. This example is fatal. Many will follow it, for it comes from too high a quarter not to be observed. A second marriage is always the cause of great sorrow. God punishes already the scandal, by the war and famine which prevail in thy kingdom. It is affirmed that Agnes is thy relative; thy children will therefore be incestuous. I am resolved to use the greatest rigour towards thee and thine. The thunders of the church are ready; they will fall on thee."

## SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

**GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.** — 'On upright Fossil Trees found in the Coal Strata of Cumberland, Nova Scotia,' by Mr Lyell. — These trees were first noticed by Mr Brown, of Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, who published an account of them. They are now seen at many different levels. Their trunks extend through different strata, but are always broken off at a certain height, and they terminate at their lower extremities in beds of coal or shale, but never in sandstone. They have barks furrowed in a similar manner to those of the fossil trees from the Bolton railway. They are placed very accurately at right angles to the planes of stratification, which are generally inclined at an angle of  $24^{\circ}$ . At South Joggins there are nineteen seams of coal, some of them bearing fossil trees. These trees vary in length, from six to twenty feet, and in diameter from fourteen inches to four feet. In the beds above the last seams of coal and vertical trees, there are two strata of dark bituminous calcareous shale, containing shells of *Modiola* and *Cypris* in great numbers, and probably of freshwater origin. At South Joggins there are seventeen upright trees, and Mr Lyell believes there are ten distinct beds, one above another, in which their roots terminate. They extend over a space of from two to three miles, from north to south; and, according to Dr Gesner, more than twice that distance from east to west. *Stigmaria* are abundant in some of these coal measures, with their leaves attached and sometimes spreading. Mr Lyell also gives an account of a bed of erect *Calamites*, discovered by Mr Dawson in the coalfield at Pictou.

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.** — Mr R. Barker, Chairman of the Finance Committee, reported to the Council that agreeably with the order of the Council, the Committee had purchased 1,000*l.* in the New 3½ per Cents. in the name of the Trustees of the Society; the total amount of the Society's stock in the funds now amounting to 7,700*l.*, with a current cash balance at the bankers, at the end of the previous month, of 1,304*l.* The names of forty-nine members, whose subscription was in arrear, were ordered to be expunged from the list of the Society. The Society's prize of fifty sovereigns for the best essay on the drainage of land, was unanimously adjudged to the essay of Mr T. Arkell, of Pen Hill Farm, Cold Harbour, near Swindon, Wiltshire.

**Reviews.**

*Guide to Hayling Island.* Spencer.  
This is a very pretty little book, most abundantly illustrated. It will be found

very useful to those who visit the new watering place, which is described to possess many advantages. Fine air, beautiful prospects, and cheap and luxurious living, are all promised to those who resort to it. Though there is some appearance of haste in the compilation, it contains much that is amusing. Our readers will be struck with the account of a stone sarcophagus and its contents, found in 1817 at Avisford Hill:—

"It appears that this curious relic was discovered in a field near the dwelling-house of General Sir W. Houston, at Avisford Hill. The discovery originated in the circumstance of a man making a hole with an iron crowbar in the earth, for the purpose of setting up hurdles to inclose sheep, which bar met with repeated resistance at about six inches deep. This circumstance induced the man, with assistance, to clear away the surface, when they perceived a stone, similar to the grit-stone found near Petworth: it measured in length four feet, breadth one foot eight inches, and eight inches thick, forming the covering of a solid stone chest or coffer; which being taken off, the inside proved to be neatly hollowed out in an oblong square, nearly four feet in length, and eighteen inches deep; the sides of the coffer were four inches in thickness. The objects which presented themselves consisted of pottery of the coarse light red kind, and colour of common flower-pots. There were two red earthen basins, the size of large breakfast-cups, placed in saucers; six plates of the same coarse ware, the size of dessert-plates; nine others, smaller; two earthen candlesticks, six inches high; two earthen jugs of a globular shape, eight inches in diameter, with a teapot-shaped handle attached to them, and a narrow neck that would not admit a finger; another jug of the same size, with a handle and spout like a cream-pot. In a circular saucer, engrailed all round the edge, and with a handle, was placed a smooth oval pebble, very hard, of the colour and transparency of a white currant, and of the size and exact shape of a pigeon's egg. In another saucer of the same coarse ware, was placed a black hard stone, perfectly round, the size of a nutmeg. Another saucer contained a flat oyster-shell; near to which was a dish containing a thin glass lachrymatory, the size and shape of a Bergamot pear, with two small glass handles. In four of the smaller dishes, was a fragment of bone of a chalkish calcined white; but the most beautiful object that stood in the centre of this service of ancient crockery, consisted of an elegant flat-bottomed square glass bottle, twelve inches high by eight inches broad, of a light transparent sea-green colour, very thick, and nearly full of calcined bones; this bottle had a handle attached to one of its sides, and fastened to a circular neck about two inches and a half high, the opening of which neck would scarcely admit the hand of a child into the bottle; this handle was beautifully reeded. At the end of this coffer, in the corners, were two inverted conic brackets; upon each stood an earthen lamp, coarsely



designed and executed; at the bottom, at the other end, were a pair of sandals, apparently for a small foot, studded all over the heels and soles with hexagonal-headed brass-nails, placed similarly to those in country-men's shoes."

*The Young Milliner.* By Mrs Stone, Cunningham and Mortimer.

A sort of complaint has been made against this work, that it is written with a view to do good, that instead of being purely imaginary it is founded on facts which are commonplace, that its pages are intended to present realities rather than pictures. Alas, for the truth! If it be really the case that such mournful scenes as we have here are commonplace in a Christian country, we do not see that they can be too frequently exposed by authors, who know how to give interest to the narratives they print. It is mournful to reflect what a fearful price of suffering, is paid for the cheap finery which bedizens the thoughtless and the gay. We fear the evil is too formidable to be put down by novel writers; but the wish, though impotent, is not to be scorned, and that which tends to make a grievance generally known, has been in many cases found to lead to its abatement.

Mrs Stone has depicted for the most part, with much force, the sorrows and temptations to which females in humble life are exposed. She exhibits the weak struggling heart urged by suffering to sin, and betrayed by sin to greater misery. In doing this, she has sometimes displayed great pathos, but occasionally she has deteriorated her story by using words which we do not remember to have seen before, and sometimes she has negligently allowed repetitions to pass which one stroke of her pen could have removed. In page 240, in the course of thirteen lines, we find the word "push" five times. This is, of course, merely an oversight, but it ought to have been corrected.

The newspapers have mysteriously given out that there exists a person in the west end who is in the habit of answering the advertisements of governesses and other female candidates for genteel situations, in order to become improperly intimate with them. A fellow somewhat of this class, is introduced, and some of his odious peculiarities are forcibly painted. Indeed, a lady could not safely venture further. We shall offer a touching extract. It gives the meeting of two friends, one of whom had been inveigled away from a fond mother, by the vile agent of the wretch we have described. The wanderer Bessy, it should be mentioned, had become almost frantic from want before she left her parent, and in doing so, her object was to relieve the distress of that parent:—

"As she reached the corner of the bridge,

just where some steps lead into New Palace yard, she was suddenly stopped by Bessy, so beautifully dressed, that she did not at the moment know her. Her first impulse was to turn hastily away; but in the next instant, with a bitter feeling of self-blame, she turned to her friend and accosted her kindly. Bessy needed kindness: she looked wretchedly ill, and her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Ah, Ellen, you are come at last: how I have watched for you. I've stood here for hours these three Sundays to see you."

"And what do you want with me, Bessy?"

"I want to know how my mother is, and where she is. I ventured to steal past Mrs Jones's once, and the shutter was up; so I saw she had left there, and I was not surprised at that. Where is she gone?"

"Ah, Bessy, you might guess: to the workhouse."

"Bessy staggered: Ellen saw she was ghastly pale, and taking hold of her, drew her aside to a corner where she might lean against the wall.

"What has my mother gone *there* for?" asked Bessy, at length.

"Where else could she go, Bessy; where else do you suppose she could go? She had no heart to work after you left her."

"Of course not: but I sent her money."

"She never got it."

"Bessy wrung her hands.

"Ellen, I do not know whether you will believe me or not, but I swear to you that it was to save my mother *from* the workhouse that I did what I have done. And I was ill, Ellen; so bad in a fever, that for two or three days the doctor thought I should have died; but I never forgot my mother all the time—never. And they told me again and again, that they had sent her the money—that she had got it; and so I believed them—like a fool. I see it all now—it was only to quieten me—for he has deceived me from the first. But, indeed, Ellen," concluded Bessy, bursting into tears, "indeed, indeed, I thought more of my mother than myself."

"I do believe it, Bessy, love," said Ellen, crying also: "but indeed, you did very wrong."

"Yes, I know that now: but then we were so ill off, and so unhappy; and Colonel Sparling made it look so different when he talked to me—and you know how he *can* talk, Ellen."

"I know, Bessy."

"Yes: you said he often came to Madame Mineau's."

"He! who came? what did I say?"

"Why, that day he stopped us so in the park; and you blushed, and were so short with him; and spoke so pettishly when I admired him."

" 'Bessy, love,' said Ellen, on whom the whole truth now flashed, 'you are deceived altogether: that man is no Colonel, nor is his name Sparling, his name is Godfrey; he has often been to Madame Mineau's, and I always hated the sight of him, for I felt sure he was a bad man. Leave him, Bessy, dearest: leave him at once.'

" 'Nay, Ellen: if he will take my mother out of the workhouse, and keep her in comfort; and perhaps he did really send the money, and the mistake has been elsewhere.'

" 'No, Bessy, love, no: there has been no mistake: rely upon it he never sent the money.'

" 'I will see, Ellen. Good night.'

### THE WHITE-SHOULDERED WOOLEN MOTH;

*Tinea sarcitella* of Linnaeus.

DURING a portion of the spring, summer, and autumn months, we often find in our houses, especially in the bed-rooms, a moth sitting upon the windows, and elsewhere, with its wings folded, and resting flat upon its back. This is the female, the male is smaller; it is of a dull grey colour, shining like silk, and on touching it, the little slippery scales come off; the head and thorax are covered with white scales, and this alone will distinguish it from allied species; the antennæ are like short bristles, but ciliated in the male; and the palpi are slender, curved upward, and pointed; the upper wings are rather long and narrow, grey, mottled with brown, having a patch at the base, and another on the pinion edge; and there are four brown spots around the disc, more or less distinct; the apex is margined with white spots, and a beautiful long fringe; the underwings are silky grey, narrow, and lanceolate, the entire margin beautifully ciliated; the abdomen is ochreous white, the apex is pointed in the female, the legs are spotted with black, the hinder long, especially the tibiae, which are also very hairy. These moths likewise inhabit gardens, outhouses, granaries, stables, woollen and fur warehouses, &c., and are most abundant in July. The female lays her eggs upon clothes and woollen articles; and when the little maggots hatch they begin to feed upon them, eating off the surface, and forming cases of the particles to live in; when they are full grown, they change within their cases to a brown chrysalis, from which the moths again issue at their appointed time. Clothes cannot correctly be said to be moth-eaten, as it is the caterpillars which do the mischief; they are soft and whitish, a little inclining to yellow, sparingly clothed with long hairs; the head is chestnut-brown and horny, with little horns and jaws; the first thoracic segment is also horny, and similar in

colour, but paler; they have six pectoral, eight abdominal, and two anal feet. If clothes be shut up in drawers or dark closets for any length of time, they are sure to suffer from the attacks of these and similar larvæ; and if the situation be damp, it is so much the more suited to their tastes, for they commit most extensive depredations in barns, stables, and seed-stores; sacks are sometimes strongly cemented together by their larvæ; corks are found with the caterpillars in them; they do much mischief in wine-cellars, by eating round the sides of the corks, close to the necks of the bottles. It is remarkable they should feed upon such very different substances; and, in addition to the foregoing, M. Duponchel says they live upon the boletus of the birch, and of other trees, as well as in rotten wood; and in Germany they have been detected generating amongst blotting paper, in a paper warehouse.

### OPINIONS OF THE FACULTY ON THE FORTUNATE TERMINATION OF MR BRUNEL'S CASE.

"This Brunel is a strange young blade,"  
Said Dr Slop, "it seems to me,  
That he should have a throat so made,  
He cannot swallow half a fee."

Said Bolus, "Now that he's relieved,  
I must suppose he is a flat,  
Since having half a fee received,  
He lets us do him out of that."

"There," Dr Slop returned, "I hear  
He has not against reason sinn'd,  
Because he found it interfere  
So much with raising of the wind."

Or else the scientific lad,  
Supposed the coin was only brass;  
At least concluded it was bad,  
Because he found it would not pass."

QUIZ.

### The Cathart.

*Marriage of the Siamese Youths.*—Eng and Chang, the indissolubly-united brothers, who were formerly exhibited in London, a New York paper announces to have married two sisters of the name of Yeates. Many speculations are afloat as to what the fruits of such a union may prove, and the fair brides are not spared by the press.

*Sublime Matrimonial Contract.*—At the assizes at Leeds, in 1790, a lady brought an action of damages against a young gentleman, for a breach of promise. The jury found for the lady, with 200*l*. The contract on which the action was grounded was as follows: "As love is the sublimest of passions, and has been the universal conqueror of mankind, we are not ashamed to own its influence, and do hereby agree to unite our hands and hearts in the silken bands of matrimony."

*Mr Brunel.*—This gentleman, who was in danger of losing his life from a half sovereign having passed into the *trachea*, has at length been relieved. By lowering the head, after many unsuccessful efforts, and producing a cough, the coin was brought out from the mouth, and all danger is happily at an end. It was on the 3rd of April that the accident occurred, and on the 13th instant the evil was removed.

*Increased Trade with China.*—It is gratifying to learn that as yet the Chinese have given no proof of their entertaining those treacherous designs against the outer barbarians which report asserted to be theirs. Those who are well acquainted with China and the Chinese character, are of opinion that our commercial relations with them may be very beneficially extended. "I have traversed China," said Sir George Staunton, in the late debate in the House of Commons, "from north to south in two successive embassies, and I resided for some years in a public capacity under the Company at Canton; I am therefore enabled to give my testimony, that the Chinese, from the greatest to the least, are willing to take, and are able to consume British manufactures to a very great extent, and that nothing is wanting but a careful and vigilant system of commercial intercourse upon our part. But (adds Sir George) we must have nothing to say to the opium trade; we must not offend the public opinion of that empire, and the determined purpose of the Emperor himself, by that odious and immoral traffic."

*How to make Eau de Cologne.*—To some of our readers the following genuine recipe, which we believe has never transpired in this country, will be valuable. It is that of Johan Maria Farina. We give it in the original French to guard against any error in translation:—

"Deux litres, esprit de vin rectifié 33 degres.

2 gros essence de neroli fin legros.

4 " de citron.

4 " cedrat fin.

4 " essence de Bergamotte.

2 " essence de Romacim."

Mix the whole together, and the ordinary sized bottle of fine Eau de Cologne will cost only a few pence.—*Ed.*

*Making Peace with the Sea.*—On the 18th of May, the Gentoos go in procession to the sea shore, dancing, singing, and offering up prayers: they then proceed to throw cocoa nuts into the sea, in token of amity. It is an article of their belief, that a good and merciful spirit resides in every part of the universe, and they think that he receives their offerings with complacency, and is rendered propitious by their prayers. This ceremony performed,

they suppose they can safely venture on the ocean.

*Ancient Custom on the Occasion of an Accouchement.*—In some parts of Germany and northern France, the peasantry were assembled upon certain occasions, as the lying-in of their lady, to beat the water in the ponds and ditches, in order to silence the frogs.

*Rhubarb Wine.*—To every pound of rhubarb stalks, when bruised, put a quart of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stirring it twice a day; then press, and strain it through a sieve, and to every gallon of the liquor put 2½ lbs. of good loaf sugar; barrel it, and to every five gallons add a bottle of white brandy, hang a piece of isinglass in the vessel suspended on a string, and stop it up close; in six months, if the sweetness is off sufficiently, bottle it for use, otherwise let it stand in the cask a longer time.

—A fancy fair was given at Streatham, for the benefit of that valuable charity the St Ann's School, on two days this week. Every effort was made to render the scene varied and delightful. We hope it efficiently assisted the funds of the institution.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Poets of the Commonwealth,' 'Scientific Shoemaking,' and several other articles, are unavoidably postponed.

*Mr Twiss's* productions are too "hastily penned," or he would hardly allow "wrenches" to stand as a rhyme for "leaves." If not carefully written, sonnets are not to our taste.

A sonnet must contain only fourteen lines. Mr Somner's thoughts are good, but his rhymes are too incorrect to meet the public eye.

We reply to X. X. that Deuby's Carminative is composed of magnesia 40 grains, compound tincture of cardamoms 30 drops, oil of peppermint 1 drop, of nutmeg 2 drops, of aniseed 3 drops, of tincture of opium 5 drops, of asafoetida 15 drops, of castor 30 drops, spirit of pennyroyal 15 drops, peppermint water 2 ounces.

S.—Roche's Embrocation for the Hooping Cough: Olive oil, with about half the quantity of oil of cloves and amber mixed together.

"One who has been taken in."—We should advise our correspondent, before he makes large purchases, to get the oils analyzed. He may find out whether the essential oils have been adulterated in the following simple manner:—Let a drop fall on a piece of clear writing paper, and expose the same to a gentle heat. If the oil is pure all will be evaporated and no trace remain: if mixed with olive oil an oil spot will be seen. If the adulteration should have been made with alcohol, mix a portion of the oil with water, and immediately a milky whiteness is produced, owing to the abstraction of the alcohol from the oil and its mixing with the water. If the spirit of turpentine has been added the smell will detect it, as the smell of the turpentine will remain longer than that of the essential oil.

Silex must ask us his question so that we may understand him.

S. A. is a winny.

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